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APRIL
NO. 88

AUTHORIZED
A. C. M. P.



ILLUSTORIES

10¢

AMERICA'S MOST
LOVED STORIES OF
FUN and ADVENTURE!

LEV GLEASON, PUB., - CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



DON'T SAY
I DIDN'T GIVE
YOU YER
CHANCE!

GIVE UP,
OR I'LL
SCATTER YOU
TO THE
BUZZARDS!
HEY! WHAT
ARE Y...

CHARLES
BIRO

LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



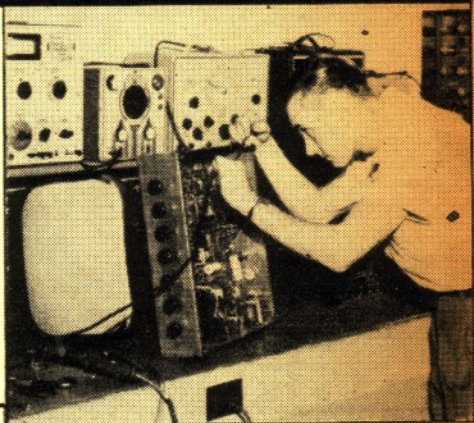
You get 'Shop Training' at home when you learn Television my way!

THOUSANDS OF TECHNICIANS NEEDED NOW — BE READY FOR A TOP-PAY JOB IN MONTHS

—Says R. C. Anderson, President of C.T.I.

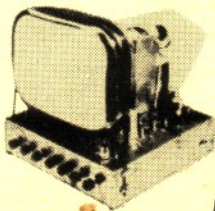
A TRIPLE OPPORTUNITY FOR SUCCESS IN AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING INDUSTRY

Why waste your time on a drudge job at low pay when you can learn to install and repair television sets so easily! As a technician, you can earn up to \$100 a week and more — with lots of opportunity for overtime. There's a shortage of technicians with 16 million sets now in operation. Experts say that within five years, 50 million receivers will be in use. *What a chance to get in on the ground floor!* You can quickly get a high-pay job with a dealer; open a shop of your own; or earn plenty of spare-time profits. C.T.I. trains you in months-for success — at home in spare time.



YOU BUILD and KEEP A 16-INCH TELEVISION SET

In addition to over 100 well-illustrated, step-by-step lessons, C.T.I. sends you tools, parts and tubes for building a top-quality television receiver. You get valuable experience, and you keep the set to use and enjoy. Note that you learn TV not just radio!



YOU GET 20 BIG KITS-BUILD TEST INSTRUMENTS



Besides assembling the television set, you also build your power supply unit; a fixed frequency generator; a grading bar generator (which creates a signal and makes testing possible even in remote areas). You build many circuits—get sound, comprehensive training applicable to any set, any make. You get special instruction with each kit.

YOUR TRAINING IS KEPT UP-TO-DATE for 5 YEARS

Instruction material for 5 years is sent on any new developments—whether it may be color pictures, 3rd dimension or wall projection. This feature protects your tuition investment!

PROOF! From students and graduates

"I have a very nice business in radio and television. I also sell television sets and gross \$6,000 a month."—*A. J. Perri, Mich.* "Since graduating, I have been repairing TV sets. I have more business than I can keep up with."—*John Marshall, Ill.* "I now have my own service shop. There are two of us and we keep busy all the time."—*Vernon Rikli, Wis.* "My income has increased 34%; my equipment has increased 300% in the last three months; and I can diagnose 75% of all TV defects at a glance. You made everything possible."—*Frank Delia, Ill.* "My C.T.I. training was good enough to promote me to the management of a TV and radio shop."—*R. C. Miller, Wash.* "I now own and operate my own shop."—*Clifford Griffith Ind.*

836 Broadway,

Commercial Trades Institute, New York 3, N. Y.

INDUSTRIAL ELECTRONICS NEEDS 70,000

Within three years, it is estimated that over 130,000 technicians will be required to install and maintain home TV receivers. But there are big opportunities in industrial electronics, too! A leading trade-magazine recently stated that the electronics industry could use possibly 70,000 well-trained technicians right now. Your C.T.I. training prepares you for many good jobs in this field, as well as for positions in communications.

VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE!

We have prepared a valuable booklet entitled, "You Can Succeed in Television." It is jam-packed with facts. It describes your opportunities in television, and it tells how you can prepare for a well-paid position or a business of your own. Discover how easily you can learn television at home through C.T.I.'s famous shop-proved method . . . in months! Get the facts from the school that has graduated over 30,000 ambitious men! Mail coupon!

MAIL COUPON OR WRITE TODAY

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE, Dept. 399
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Send valuable free booklet on course checked below:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> TELEVISION | <input type="checkbox"/> Upholstering | <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Nursing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Mechanics | <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> Millinery |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Body-Fender | <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Charm and Modeling |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Building Construction | <input type="checkbox"/> Factory Management | <input type="checkbox"/> High School |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration | |

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

CRIMEBUSTER

IN "BROTHERLY HATE"

Story By

**CHARLES
BIRO**

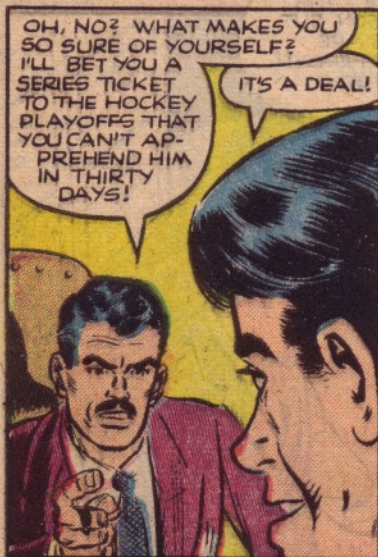
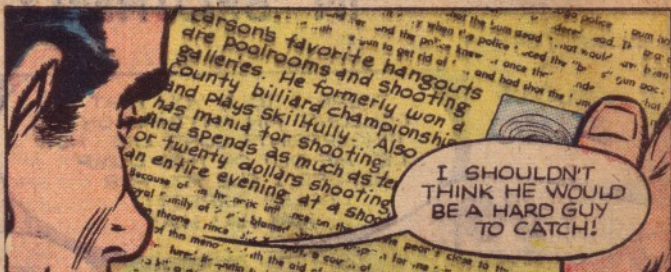
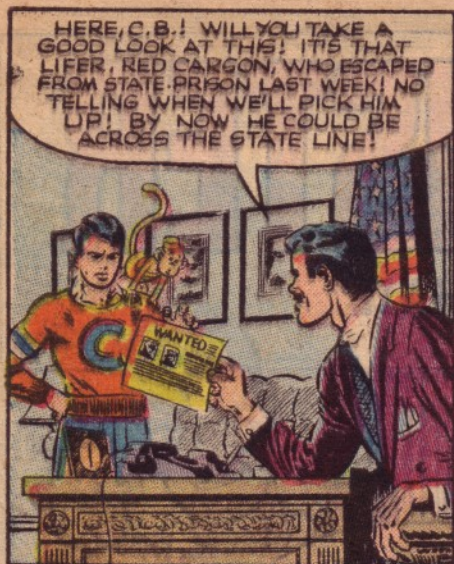
THERE, I TOLD YOU THAT YOU
COULDN'T PIN ANYTHING ON ME!
FINGERPRINTS DON'T LIE! NOW
LET ME OUT OF THIS DUMP
BEFORE I SUE YOU FOR
FALSE ARREST!
HA! HA! HA!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE
TO BELIEVE! HE'S THE
IMAGE OF CARSON, BUT
HIS PRINTS ARE
COMPLETELY DIFFERENT!
LET HIM GO!

PEOPLE SOMETIMES ASK WHAT ONE
DOES TO BE A GOOD CITIZEN! THIS
QUESTION, PUT THAT WAY, IS ALMOST
IMPOSSIBLE TO ANSWER! ONE DOES
NOT NECESSARILY HAVE TO DO THINGS!
THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO FEEL THINGS!
GOOD CITIZENSHIP BEGINS WITH THE
CITY HALL OF THE BODY—THE HEART!
A GOOD CITIZEN'S INSTINCTS WILL NOT
ALLOW HIM TO STAND BY WHILE A CRIME IS
BEING COMMITTED WITHOUT ATTEMPTING
TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! THAT'S
WHY CRIMEBUSTER GOES INTO ACTION
SO OFTEN! HE IS A GOOD CITIZEN
FIRST, AND HE DOES GOOD THINGS
BECAUSE HE IS A GOOD CITIZEN!

Charles Biro

Korman
1952



WHERE ARE YA FROM? BEEN ON THE ROAD LONG?

WHICH WAY YOU HEADIN'?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! I PAID FOR THE BEANS, NOT FOR YOUR COMPANY! LEAVE ME ALONE TO ENJOY THIS SLOP!

A NICE UNFRIENDLY SORT YOU ARE! COME ON, MUGSEY, LET'S YOU, ME, AN' SHIV SHOVE OFF! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF HIS COMPANY!

SUITS ME! LET HIM ALONE IF THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS!

AIN'T YA COMIN', SHIV?

NAW, I FEEL LIKE HANGIN' AROUND AWHILE! MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU IN FRISCO IN A WEEK OR TWO!

IT AIN'T HARD TO FIGURE WHY SHIV STAYED BEHIND! HE'S GOT HIS MIND ON THE DOUGH THAT GUY WAS CARRYING!

I WOULDN'T LIKE TO TRY ROLLIN' THAT CHARACTER! HE'S A ROUGH LOOKIN' GUY!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE HANGING AROUND FOR—YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR TIME!

YOU'RE WRONG! I GOT MY OWN DOUGH! THEM GUYS TALK TOO MUCH! YOU DON'T! I FIGURE A QUIET GUY MAKES A BETTER PARTNER! I'D LIKE TO HOOK UP WITH YOU!

OKAY BY ME! BUT DON'T ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS! NOW LET'S FIND A PLACE TO BUNK UP!

I KNOW EVERY DESERTED BARN AND SHED IN THIS COUNTY!

I WANT TO GET TO ROCK CITY, AN' I WANT TO GET THERE FAST!

THEN YA PICKED THE RIGHT GUY FER YOUR GUIDE! I CAN GET YOU THERE IN TWO DAYS!

HERE'S A GOOD PLACE TO HOLE UP FER THE NIGHT! IT'S SAFE—NO DOGS, NO NOSEY PEOPLE NEARBY!

IT WILL DO! I NEED SLEEP!

SUCKER! YOU'LL SLEEP A LONG TIME!



DIRTY DOG!
YOU DIDN'T
THINK I'D BE
SUCH A
FOOL!



STOP!
I WAS CRAZY...
NEVER
AGAIN...

I'LL BEAT
YOUR ROTTEN
BRAINS
OUT!



D..DON'T KILL
ME! PLEASE DON'T
KILL ME! I'LL DO
ANYTHING YOU
SAY! GIMME A
BREAK! LET ME
SHOW YOU I CAN
BE A PAL! I'LL
NEVER CROSS
YOU AGAIN, SO
HELP ME!

QUIT YOUR
SNIVELLIN'! I'LL
CHANCE IT! BUT
I'LL KEEP THIS
KNIFE! NOW
GET ON YOUR
FEET! WE'RE
HEADIN' FOR
ROCK CITY
NOW!



GO BUY SOME GRUB
IN THAT STORE—HASH,
BREAD, MILK...OH, YEAH,
AND PICK UP A PAPER!
I'LL WAIT IN THE
BUSHES ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE ROAD!



CRIMMINY!
SO THAT'S WHO
HE IS!



SO YOU
KNOW! WHILE
IT'S HOT ON
YOUR MIND, DO
YOU WANT TO
TELL ME WHAT
YOU'RE GOIN' TO
DO ABOUT IT?

N...NOTHIN'! ALL
I WANT TO DO IS
LET YOU GO
YOUR WAY, AN'
ME GO MINE!
YOU'RE
DYNAMITE!
JUST LET
ME GO!



NOT TILL YOU TAKE
ME TO ROCK CITY! IF
YOU DON'T, I'LL KILL
YA! YOU GET ME
THERE SAFE, AN' I'LL
GIVE YOU A C-NOTE,
AND LET
YOU GO!



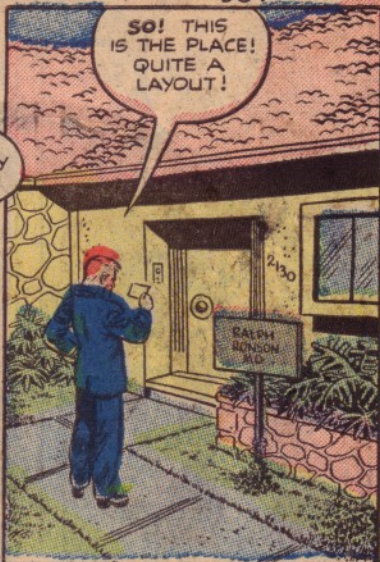
THIS IS IT—ROCK CITY!
TH' HIGH CLASS PART OF
TOWN IS ACROSS THE
TRACKS! THERE'S AN OLD
ABANDONED SHACK
DOWN THIS WAY
WHERE YOU CAN
HIDE OUT!

TAKE
ME
THERE!



NOW EMPTY YOUR POCKETS! HAND OVER EVERYTHIN' YOU'VE GOT! I WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU STAY HERE UNTIL I GET THROUGH WITH AN ERRAND I HAVE TO DO! WHEN I GET BACK, I'LL PAY YOU OFF, AND YOU CAN GO!

AT LEAST LEAVE ME MY CIGARETTES!



SO! THIS IS THE PLACE! QUITE A LAYOUT!



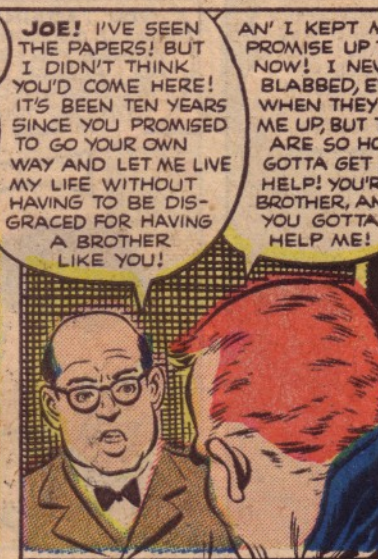
IT'S AN EMERGENCY! I GOTTA SEE THE DOCTOR RIGHT AWAY! IT CAN'T WAIT!

HE HAS A PATIENT THAT JUST WENT IN, BUT I'LL...



THIS MAN SAYS ITS AN EMERGENCY! HE INSISTED...

OH...EMERGENCY... YES...I...I'LL SEE HIM RIGHT AWAY! WILL YOU STEP OUTSIDE, MR. WILSON? I'LL SEE YOU IN A FEW MINUTES!



JOE! I'VE SEEN THE PAPERS! BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D COME HERE! IT'S BEEN TEN YEARS SINCE YOU PROMISED TO GO YOUR OWN WAY AND LET ME LIVE MY LIFE WITHOUT HAVING TO BE DISGRACED FOR HAVING A BROTHER LIKE YOU!

AN' I KEPT MY PROMISE UP TILL NOW! I NEVER BLABBED, EVEN WHEN THEY SENT ME UP, BUT THINGS ARE SO HOT I GOTTA GET SOME HELP! YOU'RE MY BROTHER, AND YOU GOTTA HELP ME!



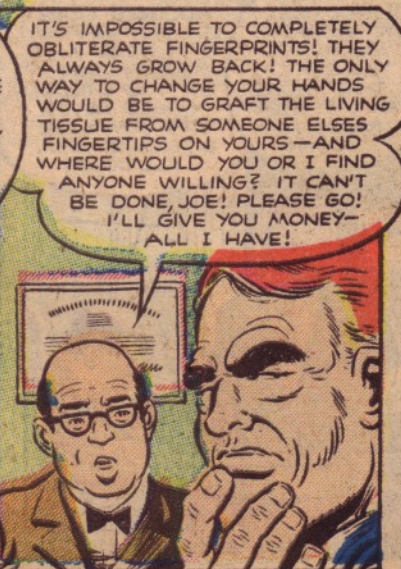
HOW CAN I HELP YOU? DON'T BE A FOOL! GIVE YOURSELF UP BEFORE YOU COMMIT ANOTHER CRIME!

QUIT YOUR PREACHING! YOU CAN HELP ME! YOU'RE A DOCTOR AREN'T YOU? OKAY, THEN, CHANGE MY FACE! MAKE ME LOOK LIKE SOMEBODY ELSE, SO I CAN SHAKE OFF THE COPS!

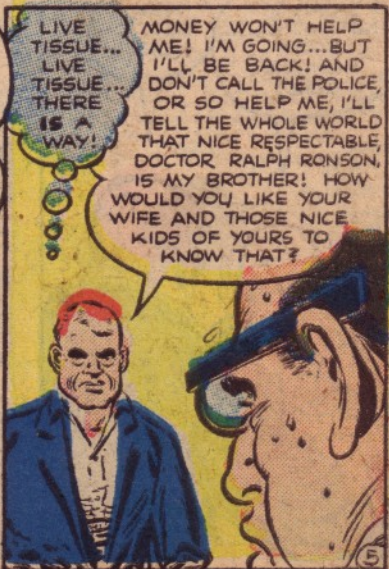


A NEW FACE WOULDN'T HELP YOU! SOONER OR LATER, YOUR FINGERPRINTS WOULD STILL GIVE YOU AWAY!

THEN CUT OFF THE TIPS OF MY FINGERS! SCAR THEM UP SO THE PRINTS WON'T SHOW! I'M FREE, AND I'M NOT GOING BACK TO BE LOCKED UP FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO COMPLETELY OBLITERATE FINGERPRINTS! THEY ALWAYS GROW BACK! THE ONLY WAY TO CHANGE YOUR HANDS WOULD BE TO GRAFT THE LIVING TISSUE FROM SOMEONE ELSE'S FINGERTIPS ON YOURS—AND WHERE WOULD YOU OR I FIND ANYONE WILLING? IT CAN'T BE DONE, JOE! PLEASE GO! I'LL GIVE YOU MONEY—ALL I HAVE!



LIVE TISSUE... LIVE TISSUE... THERE IS A WAY!

MONEY WON'T HELP ME! I'M GOING...BUT I'LL BE BACK! AND DON'T CALL THE POLICE, OR SO HELP ME, I'LL TELL THE WHOLE WORLD THAT NICE RESPECTABLE DOCTOR RALPH RONSON, IS MY BROTHER! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR WIFE AND THOSE NICE KIDS OF YOURS TO KNOW THAT?



CAN I HAVE MY STUFF BACK NOW...AN' THAT C-NOTE YOU PROMISED...I KEPT MY BARGAIN!

SURE...SURE, SHIV! YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD PAL! YOU'VE EARNED IT! HERE YOU ARE!



YOU TREATED ME SQUARE—A GUY IN YOUR SPOT MIGHT HAVE RUIN 'OUT ON ME, BUT YOU KEPT YOUR PROMISE...

YEAH...



I LET YOU DIE HAPPY, SHIV! AND NOW YOU'RE GONNA DO ME THE BIGGEST FAVOR OF MY LIFE!



SO LONG, SHIV! YOU HAD THIS COMIN'! YOU WOULD'VE KILLED ME IF YOU'D HAD THE CHANCE!



YOU... AGAIN! I TOLD YOU I COULDN'T HELP YOU! MONEY, YES—BUT THAT'S ALL! PLEASE, JOE, GO AWAY! WE DISOWNED EACH OTHER! WHY DO YOU COME BACK TO RUIN ME NOW?

DO WHAT I SAY, AND YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN! FIX UP MY HANDS!



I CAN'T! NOT WITHOUT... GOOD HEAVENS! JOE!

NOW GET TO WORK!



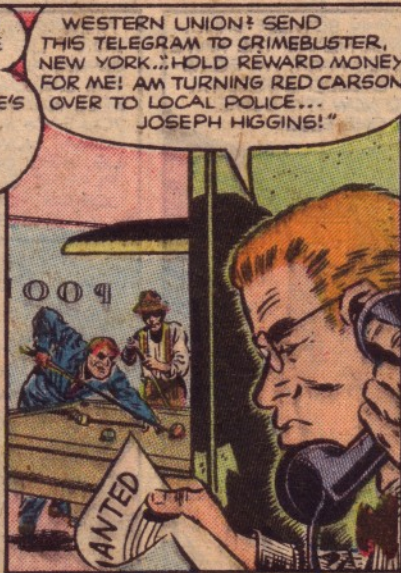
I SAID, GET TO WORK! IF YOU DON'T, I'LL PICK UP THAT PHONE AN' CALL EVERY PAPER IN TOWN!

NO...NO! I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN! IF IT WERE JUST MYSELF... BUT IT ISN'T! MY CHILDREN WOULD NEVER LIVE DOWN THE DISGRACE! I'LL... I'LL DO IT!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

THIS GIVES ME A NEW LIFE! I'M GLAD YOU PLAYED IT SMART, RALPH! I'D HAVE KILLED YOU IF YOU HADN'T, AND NOW YOU'RE SO DEEP IN THIS, YOU WON'T DARE TALK! SO LONG, BROTHER!



I'M ON MY WAY TO APEX CITY LOOVER! JUST HAD WORD FROM A POOLROOM OWNER THAT HE'S SPOTTED CARSON AND HAS TURNED HIM OVER TO THE LOCAL POLICE! YOU'D BETTER TROT OUT FOR THOSE HOCKEY TICKETS!

YOU CAME ON A WILDGOOSE CHASE, C.B.! THAT GUY, HIGGINS, SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU! THE SUSPECT WASN'T CARSON! HE'S THE IMAGE OF HIM AND HAS THE SAME HABITS, BUT HIS PRINTS ARE COMPLETELY DIFFERENT! HERE, SEE FOR YOURSELF!

HMMM...THEY ARE DIFFERENT! DID YOU SEND THESE TO THE F.B.I TO SEE IF THE MAN YOU PICKED UP HAD A RECORD?

NO! HE HADN'T BEEN BREAKING THE LAW SO THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE ANY REASON TO CHECK!

WOULD YOU SEND THEM IN FOR ME? IT'S SUCH A COINCIDENCE THAT THIS MAN SHOULD RESEMBLE CARSON! HE MAY HAVE A RECORD!

THE NEXT DAY...

ANY WORD FROM THE F.B.I ON THOSE FINGER-PRINTS?

ANYTHING ON THEM? I SHOULD RESIGN! THOSE PRINTS BELONG TO A CONVICTED KILLER NAMED SHIV BOWER WHO ESCAPED FROM OKLAHOMA DEATH HOUSE A YEAR AGO! THEY AIRMAILED ME THE INFORMATION THEY HAD! COME LOOK!

THE PRINTS MATCH! BUT THE MAN WE PICKED UP BORE NO RESEMBLANCE TO THIS PICTURE! AND IF HE WAS SHIV BOWER, HE WAS THE COOLEST CUSTOMER I EVER SAW! HE WASN'T A BIT WORRIED ABOUT BEING FINGER-PRINTED!

SINCE HE IS SO SURE OF HIMSELF, CHANCES ARE HE MAY SHOW UP SOMEPLACE ELSE! WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR A TIP! I'LL STAY IN TOWN!

HELLO, C.B.? WE JUST HAD A TIP ON THAT KILLER, SHIV BOWER... MEN HAVE GONE OUT TO PICK HIM UP NOW... POOL PARLOR ON THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN!

I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

QUIT SQUAWKING ABOUT FALSE ARREST, BUD! THIS TIME WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU! YOU'RE SHIV BOWER AND YOUR FINGER-PRINTS WILL PROVE IT!

SH... SHIV BOWER? SHIV... I NEVER HEARD THE NAME BEFORE! FIRST, I'M SOMEONE CALLED CARSON... AND NOW IT'S SOMEONE ELSE!

FINGERPRINTS DON'T LIE! YOU'RE BOWER ALL RIGHT! THE GALLOW'S ARE STILL WAITING FOR YOU BACK IN OKLAHOMA! NOW TELL US, WHO DID THAT PLASTIC SURGERY JOB ON YOUR FACE?

GALLOW'S? PLASTIC SURGERY? YOU'RE CRAZY! THIS IS A FRAME-UP! I WAS NEVER IN OKLAHOMA!

MAYBE HE'LL TALK LATER! SEARCH HIM AND LOCK HIM UP, REYNOLDS!

IT'S THE STRANGEST CASE I'VE EVER BEEN ON! HE LOOKS LIKE CARSON BUT HIS FINGER-PRINTS ARE BOWERS! SINCE HE WON'T TALK, I'D LIKE TO DO A LITTLE PRIVATE INVESTIGATION... MIND IF I TAKE THIS ADDRESS YOU FOUND IN HIS POCKET?

HELP YOURSELF, C.B.: IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, HE'D HAVE GOTTEN AWAY SCOT FREE!

HMM... THIS MAY BE THE LINK THAT SOLVES THE MYSTERY! THIS COULD BE THE DOCTOR THAT CHANGED HIS FACE! NOW MAYBE I'LL FIND OUT WHY HE USED CARSON AS A MODEL!

I'M FROM THE POLICE, DOCTOR! YOUR ADDRESS WAS IN THE POCKET OF A CONVICTED MURDERER WHO HAD ESCAPED THE DEATH HOUSE ABOUT A YEAR AGO... HIS NAME WAS SHIV BOWERS!

SHIV BOWERS? I'VE NEVER HEARD OF HIM! ARE YOU SURE...



THEN PERHAPS YOU KNOW A MAN NAMED RED CARSON!

CARSON... YES... YES, I DO! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO THINK I COULD KEEP IT A SECRET! CARSON IS MY BROTHER! I HADN'T SEEN HIM IN TWENTY FIVE YEARS AND ABOUT A MONTH AGO...

I KNOW I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THE POLICE BUT I WAS THINKING ABOUT MY WIFE AND CHILDREN! NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE WHOLE STORY I'M READY TO FACE THE PENALTY FOR WHAT I DID... BUT PLEASE TRY TO SPARE MY FAMILY AS MUCH AS YOU CAN!

ORDINARILY I WOULD HAVE TO LET JUSTICE TAKE ITS COURSE, BUT IN THIS CASE SINCE HE HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS BOWER, I CAN'T SEE HOW IT WOULD ALTER THE ENDS OF JUSTICE IF HE WERE TO DIE IN PLACE OF THE VICTIM HE MURDERED!



YES, EXCEPT FOR THIS SCRAP OF PAPER I FOUND AMONG HIS BELONGINGS, I WOULD NEVER HAVE LEARNED THE TRUTH! YOUR BROTHER WON'T TALK BECAUSE EITHER WAY HE'S DOOMED TO DIE AS A MURDERER! I SEE NO REASON FOR PRESSING THE CASE ANY FURTHER! YOUR SECRET IS SAFE, DOCTOR RONSON! GOOD NIGHT!

SOMETIMES POETIC JUSTICE IS BETTER THAN MAN-MADE LAW! AT LEAST IN THIS CASE, IT SPARED A LOT OF INNOCENT PEOPLE AND SAVED THE STATE THE COST OF A MURDER TRIAL! THERE'S JUST ONE HITCH, SQUEEKS! SINCE I CAN'T TELL LOOVER THE REAL INSIDE STORY, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PAY OFF THAT BET TO HIM!

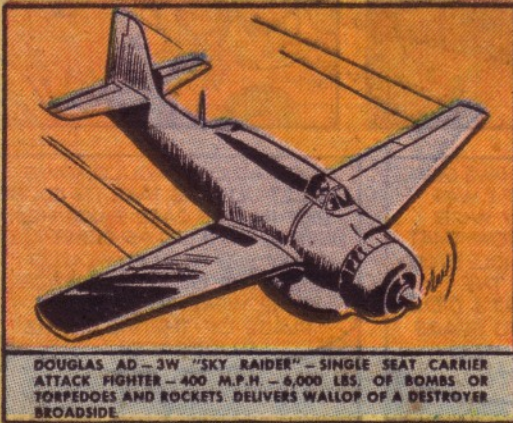




HEY! A NEW
IDEA FOR YOUR
CARD
COLLECTION!

NOW! AND EVERY MONTH IN LEV GLEASON COMICS— THE FAMOUS LEV GLEASON TRADING CARDS

THIS SERIES IS FAMOUS FIGHTING PLANES. ADD THESE TO
YOUR COLLECTION AND SEE INSTRUCTIONS BELOW FOR
GETTING MORE CARDS.



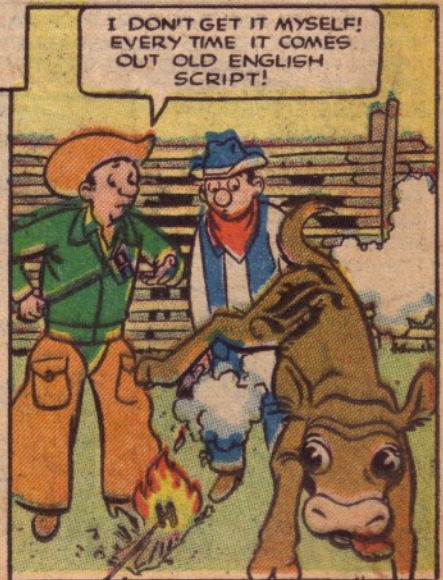
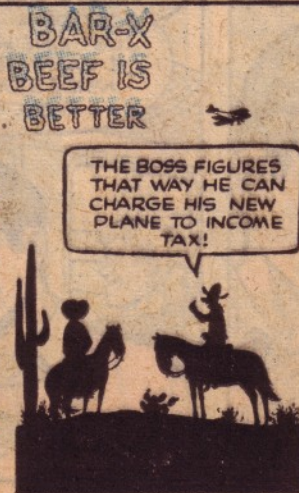
DOUGLAS AD-3W "SKY RAIDER" - SINGLE SEAT CARRIER
ATTACK FIGHTER - 400 M.P.H. - 6,000 LBS. OF BOMBS OR
TORPEDOES AND ROCKETS. DELIVERS WALLOP OF A DESTROYER
BROADSIDE.



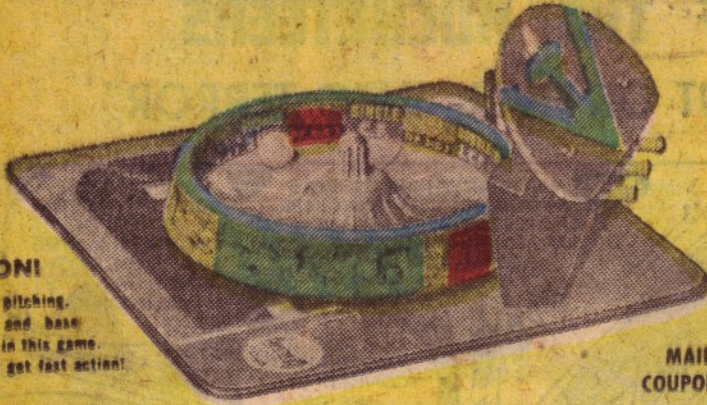
GRUMMAN F9F "PANTHER" - NAVY CARRIER-BASED SINGLE
JET ENGINE FIGHTER. BETTER THAN 600 M.P.H. CLASS.

CUT OUT THE TWO FIGHTING PLANES ABOVE. PASTE THEM ON ANY CARDBOARD—AND YOU HAVE
REGULAR TRADING CARDS—THE KIND THAT LEV GLEASON COMICS HAVE MADE SO POPULAR. TRAD-
ING CARDS ARE NOW PRINTED IN THE FOLLOWING LEV GLEASON COMICS: CRIME DOES NOT PAY,
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, BOY, DAREDEVIL AND BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN. LOOK FOR THESE MAG-
AZINES ON THE NEWSSTANDS. BUY THEM. THEY WILL HAVE MORE OF THE FIGHTING PLANE SERIES
—AND OTHERS.

the CHUCKLE WAGON



NEW! FAST-ACTION PRO BASEBALL GAME



ACTION!

You get pitching, batting and base running in this game. And you get fast action!

You're at bat. It's ninth inning, one run ties, two runs win. You have men on 1st and 3rd. It's one out, 2 strikes and 3 balls on the batter. What would you do? Have runner on 1st steal? Try a double-steal? A hit and run? Or wait out the pitcher for a base on balls? With this real action game you can take your choice—and make any of these plays!

MAIL THIS
COUPON—NOW

\$3.95
postpaid

JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE PLAY

You pitch to the batter—a fast ball, a straight ball, a curve. Does the batter hit or take? That's up to him. But the game is on—and you play it like big league ball—every inning!

This Pro Baseball game, built with mechanical precision will last for years—and give you exciting fun—fast action, all the time. Only \$3.95. Order today. We guarantee you'll be crazy about it—or money back.

EMPIRE MDSG. CO., 63 Central Ave., Ossining, N. Y.

EMPIRE MDSG. CO., Dept. PG 2
63 Central Ave., Ossining, N. Y.

Please send me Pro Baseball game on your money-back guarantee offer.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____



TERRIFIC POWER! 20-MILE RANGE!

These powerful, precision-made glasses, tough cast metal field glasses will give you more pleasure than you've ever dreamed possible. Extremely lightweight. When you take your first look you'll be amazed at the way objects and people come up to you **CLOSE and CLEAR!** Guaranteed for long, durable service and thrills or **PAY NOTHING.** Take them on Motor Trips, Hunting & Fishing, to Sporting Events, Hiking and Seashore. See without being seen. If you've never owned a pair of field glasses before, don't miss out on thrills and pleasure these power-packed binoculars offer. **ORDER NOW!**

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GUARANTEE

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ROCKY X

OF THE ROCKETEERS

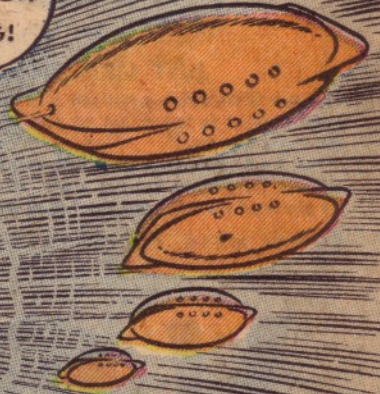
IN "OUT OF FEAR--INTO TERROR"

STORY BY
**CHARLES
BIRO**

WE FEAR THESE OBJECTS MAY BE HOSTILE CRAFT, INTENT ON INVADING THIS PLANET! AN IMMEDIATE INVESTIGATION IS ESSENTIAL--NO MATTER WHAT THE COST!

HOW CAN WE TELL IF THEY'RE HOSTILE, DR. LIEBERT? MAYBE THEY'RE...GOSH, THAT RAY--IT'S BLINDING!

OUR ROCKET MOTORS HAVE CONKED OUT! WE'RE FALLING!



JOHN
MORSE

THE THREATS TO HUMAN LIFE ON OUR OWN PLANET ARE SERIOUS ENOUGH, BUT THE DANGERS IN STORE FOR THE FIRST SPACE PIONEERS WILL BE TERRIFYING BEYOND DESCRIPTION! IN THIS STORY YOU WILL FACE WITH ROCKY X, THE VICIOUS MAN-EATING BIRDS OF THE JUNGLE STAR, KAN'TRAX 12, A DRENCHING, SUFFOCATING TROPICAL HURRICANE, A GIGANTIC SUBTERRANEAN WORM, AND FINALLY, THE LONG-DREADED INVASION OF THE EARTH BY ANOTHER PLANET! FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, MEN HAVE LOOKED INTO THE HEAVENS, AND WONDERED IF THEY WOULD EVER FACE A HOSTILE ATTACK BY MEN FROM ANOTHER WORLD! THE ATTACK IS COMING! WILL THE ROCKETEERS BE READY?

I'M GLAD THAT GLASS IS A FOOT THICK! THOSE BIRDS WOULD TEAR US TO BITS IF THEY GOT THE CHANCE!

WE'RE NOT SO WELL OFF, ANYWAY! NO FOOD, AND WE WON'T BE ABLE TO BREATHE THIS FOUL AIR MUCH LONGER!

MAYBE THERE'S ANOTHER WAY OUT OF HERE! WE'VE GOT TO TRY SOMETHING!





YOU'RE RIGHT, ROCKY! WE CAN'T PASS UP ANY AVENUE OF ESCAPE!



ANOTHER TRAP DOOR!

THIS MUST BE ONE HUGE SUB-TERRANEAN CHAMBER! C'MON! THIS MAY BE OUR WAY OUT!



UGGG! THEY SURE MADE THESE THINGS HEAVY!

YIII! DROP IT, SIMPY! THEY'VE SEEN US!



WHEW! THEY WERE ON US LIKE A SHOT!

THEY MUST HAVE A TERRIFICALLY KEEN SENSE OF SIGHT OR SMELL! WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET OUT THIS WAY...LET'S GET GOING!



LATER...

THIS MUD'S GETTING WORSE!

HEY, LISTEN! IT SOUNDS LIKE A WATERFALL UP AHEAD!



IT'S A DAM! THEY MUST'VE DAMMED UP AN UNDERGROUND RIVER TO FORM THIS CAVERN!

WELL, I'LL BE...



THEY MUST'VE KNOWN THE BIRDS WERE COMING, AND BUILT THIS AS A SORT OF AIR RAID SHELTER!

C'MON! IF THIS WAS AN UNDERGROUND RIVER, IT MUST HAVE EMPTIED OUT SOMEWHERE! THERE MUST BE ANOTHER EXIT!



THIS BAD AIR SAPS THE ENERGY! I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER WE CAN KEEP GOING!

WAIT! STOP EVERYBODY! GET BACK!



ROCKY EMPTIED HIS SCORCH GUN ON THE GIANT WORM BEFORE IT FELL! THEN THEY PUSHED THEIR WAY WEARILY ONWARD...



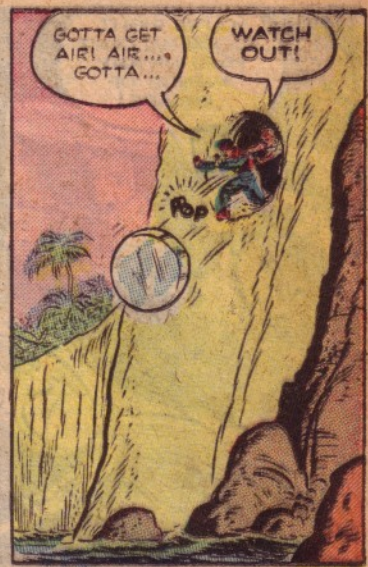
GETTING WEAK...EVERYTHING'S GOING AROUND... OOOHHH!

DR. LIEBERT! YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING!

IT'S LIGHTER UP AHEAD! C'MON!



DAYLIGHT! WE'RE FREE!



GOTTA GET AIR! AIR... GOTTA...

WATCH OUT!



GRAB MY LEGS, SOME-BODY!



THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A LONG WAY DOWN!

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, BEFORE THOSE BIRDS FIND THAT THIS ENTRANCE IS OPEN! WE'RE ONLY A FEW FEET FROM THE SURFACE! GIVE ME A BOOST, SIMPLY, I'LL HAVE TO DIG US OUT!



HOW'S IT GOING!

GREAT! THE GROUND IS PRETTY SOFT!



WHEW! THAT FELT TOO MUCH LIKE BEING BURIED ALIVE!



NO BIRD!

NO! AND LET'S HOPE THEY DON'T FIND US BEFORE WE GET BACK TO THE ROCKET!



WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A WIDE ARC TO MISS THE CITY!

I KNOW! C'MON, WE'VE GOT A LONG TREK... OH, OH! IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN!



I'VE NEVER SEEN RAIN LIKE THIS BEFORE!

IT'S LIKE A TROPICAL STORM MULTIPLIED TEN TIMES!



IT SEEMS AS IF WE'VE BEEN WALKING FOR HOURS!

HEY! LISTEN! SHOTS OFF THIS WAY!

**KARSOOM
KARRACK
BOOM**

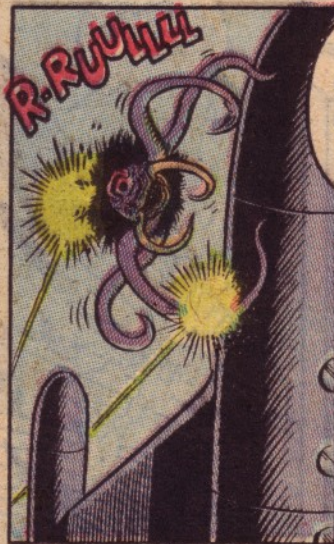


IT'S THE ROCKET!

LOOK AT THAT MONSTER! LET ME HAVE YOUR SCORCH GUN!



CRACK



R-RUM



WE KILLED IT! HURRY! LET'S GET ON BOARD BEFORE THAT THING GETS AFTER US! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS PLANET - TO LAST A COUPLE OF LIFE TIMES!



BOY! THAT WAS ABOUT TO TAKE US HOME AS A SOUVENIR! WHERE HAVE YOU GUYS BEEN, ANYWAY?

THAT'S A LONG STORY, JERRY!

SOMETHING'S WRONG, DR. LIEBERT! THE SHIP DOESN'T RESPOND... ACTS LIKE THE ROCKET TUBES ARE FOULED!



NO WONDER THE TUBES WOULDN'T FIRE!

WE GOT TO DIG THE SHIP OUT BEFORE THE SUN BAKES THE MUD AGAIN - AND LOCKS US IN! GET THE OTHERS! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!



KEEP DIGGING! WE'VE GOT TO GET THE SHIP FREE!



OKAY, MEN! THAT SHOULD DO IT! WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO BLAST OFF NOW! LET'S GIVE HER A TRY!



WE'RE CLEAR, DR. LIEBERT! WHAT'S OUR COURSE?

WAIT! WE CAN'T LEAVE THOSE PEOPLE TRAPPED BY THE BIRDS—ESPECIALLY AFTER WE LEFT ONE END OF THEIR SHELTER OPEN AND UNPROTECTED!



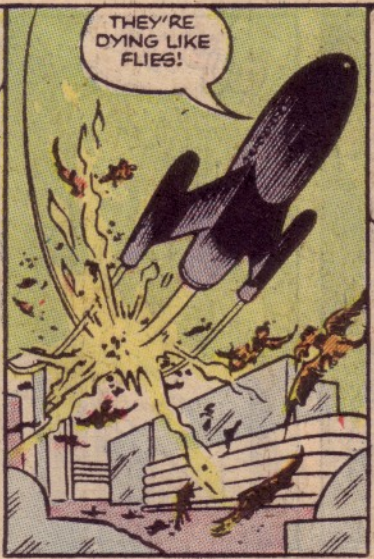
YOU MEAN YOU WANT TO RISK OUR LIVES AGAIN FOR THOSE CRAZY GOOKS? YOU'RE FULL OF SPACE DUST, ROCKY!

BLAST OFF, ARNOLD! JUST REMEMBER HOW LUCKY YOU ARE THAT YOU AREN'T BEING MAROONED ON THIS PLANET!

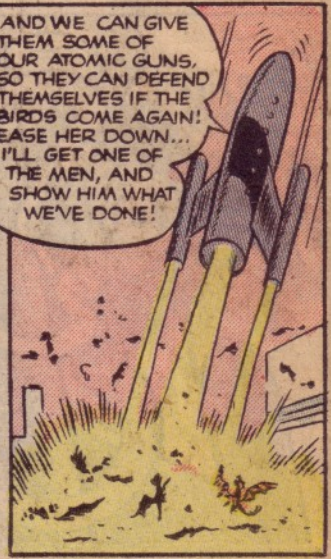


WHAT'S YOUR IDEA, ROCKY?

I THOUGHT WE COULD EASE HER DOWN, AND GIVE THE BIRDS A BLAST FROM OUR ROCKET TUBES!



THEY'RE DYING LIKE FLIES!



AND WE CAN GIVE THEM SOME OF OUR ATOMIC GUNS, SO THEY CAN DEFEND THEMSELVES IF THE BIRDS COME AGAIN! EASE HER DOWN... I'LL GET ONE OF THE MEN, AND SHOW HIM WHAT WE'VE DONE!



SEE! THEY'RE DEAD! DESTROYED!

THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO TELL HIM IN ENGLISH, ROCKY! HE'LL SOON BELIEVE WHAT HE SEES! HE'LL GET IT!



I GUESS HE GOT IT!

LOOKS LIKE YOU COULD RUN FOR PRESIDENT, ROCKY!

JRABB! JRABB! WLOFI!! DLIR GIS WLOFI!!



THE OTHER KANTRAXIANS WERE AWAKENED, AND A GREAT FEAST OF CELEBRATION WAS PREPARED...

WOW! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS STUFF IS, BUT IT'S SURE GOT A KICK!

I HOPE WE'RE NOT EATING THOSE BIRDS!

WLOFI!! GLIRB ES LIR! HLABI!! KROLFWEE!

JRABB! JRABB! MARIK DE BLRNTT! ES BLRNTT!

IS HE TRYING TO TELL US ABOUT THE BIRDS?

I THINK HE'S TRYING TO SAY THAT THE BIRDS CAME FROM ANOTHER PLANET! HIS PEOPLE PREPARED SHELTER AND HOLED UP—HOPING THE BIRDS WOULD BE GONE WHEN THEY AWAKE! I'M GUESSING A LOT OF IT!

I HAVEN'T FELT LIKE THIS SINCE MY TROOP-SHIP DOCKED IN NEW YORK BACK IN 1945!

I CAN'T WAIT TO SHOW THESE MOVIES TO THE EXPLORERS CLUB!

L A T E R...

I CERTAINLY HATE TO LEAVE! BUT I HAVE STRICT ORDERS TO RETURN TO EARTH AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

YES, I BELIEVE I COULD'VE PICKED UP THEIR LANGUAGE IN A FEW MONTHS! NO TELLING WHAT WE COULD HAVE LEARNED! PERHAPS WE CAN RETURN SOME DAY!

FOLLOWING THE TAKE-OFF, A COURSE WAS SET TO INTERCEPT THE EARTH'S ORBIT! MANY HOURS LATER...

THERE SHE IS... OLD MOTHER EARTH! IT'S JUST LIKE SPOTTING YOUR CARRIER AFTER YOU'VE BEEN OUT ON A STRIKE!

DR. LIEBERT! COME QUICKLY! WE'RE GETTING AN URGENT MESSAGE FROM EARTH!

GOOD HEAVENS!

I THINK I'VE GOT THEM ON THE SCOPE, DR. LIEBERT!

INTER SPATIAL COMMUNICATIONS

THESE STRANGE SHIPS HAVE BEEN GROWING THOUSANDS OF MILES NEAR EACH DAY... WE HAVE PICKED UP STRANGE SIGNALS, AND BELIEVE THEY ARE HOSTILE—PERHAPS BENT ON DESTROYING THE EARTH... INVESTIGATE AT ONCE!

THERE THEY ARE! MAN ALL GUNS! THEY MAY FIRE WITHOUT WARNING!

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THEM!

NO, THEY... LOOK OUT! THEY'RE FIRING! SOME SORT OF RAY...

OUR ROCKETS HAVE CONKED OUT!

WE'RE IN A FREE FALL! WE'RE CAUGHT BY THE EARTH'S GRAVITY!

THE LONG FEARED INVASION BY A HOSTILE PLANET SEEMS NOW TO BE A REALITY! WHERE DO THESE STRANGE SHIPS COME FROM? WHAT DO THEY HOLD IN STORE FOR A PEACEFUL EARTH? AND WHAT OF ROCKY X AND THE MEN FROM THE ROCK-ET... AS THEY FALL HELPLESSLY THROUGH SPACE, DRAWN TOWARDS THEIR INEVITABLE DESTRUCTION BY THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF THE EARTH... DON'T MISS THE NEXT ADVENTURE OF THE PIONEER SPACE ADVENTURER, ROCKY X IN

BOY COMICS
NEXT MONTH!

THE GREAT RESCUE



In a small town news travels fast. And this town was small, and the news had traveled fast. People gathered in doorways, and on corners, and in stores. They talked excitedly. Some of the townsfolk had fear in their eyes. All expressed anxiety.

It was all about the small Drummond boy. He was eleven years old, and he had been missing from his home since last night. This day, a Saturday, a group of the men had searched the surrounding countryside, even across the river to the distant hills. The town's only two squad cars prowled the streets constantly. People looked everywhere. But young Egbert Drummond was still missing.

The Wise Guys stood by the river, talking amongst themselves, trying to seek a solution.

"Now where can an eleven-year-old kid get lost?" Scarecrow asked.

"Even in a small town," replied Jock—who chewed idly on a straw—"a kid can find a million places to hide."

"What makes you think he's *hiding*?" asked Curly. "Maybe he's been hurt, and is lying unconscious somewhere. Or even kidnapped!"

Then Curly turned to Slugger, who had said very little up to now.

"What do you think, Slugger?" asked Curly. "You're a little guy yourself. Where would you go? What would you do?"

Then Slugger said: "You know, the old caverns are about ten miles from here. Maybe Egbert got lost in the caverns."

Scarecrow chuckled. "Bad theory, Slugger. No eleven-year-old kid would wander out of his house and walk *ten* miles. Nope—that leaves us exactly where we were to begin. Just where *is* the Drummond boy?"

Slugger then walked over to Jock.

"Let me have that straw you're chewing on, Jock. I want to show these guys something."

They watched in perplexed fashion as Jock handed Slugger the straw, and they were even more amazed when Slugger threw the straw into the river, where it was at once carried downstream by the current.

"What's the matter?" asked Scarecrow. "Do you

feel well, Slugger? What's the idea of throwing that straw in the river. What does *that* prove?"

"Just that the river's current is pretty strong—and if you'll remember that the river runs past the big caverns, you might figure that maybe young Drummond didn't *walk* to the caverns—but got there on a boat or a raft."

"Huh?" exclaimed Curly.

"Well," said Slugger. "You asked me what I would do, didn't you? And that's exactly what I'd do. I'd play like I was going to sea—and set out in a boat or on a raft, and just let the current carry me away."

"Then what? Mr. Sherlock," said Scarecrow, with an obvious touch of sarcasm. "Then what would you do?"

"Well," said Slugger, "I'd probably see the big caverns, go ashore, and start wandering around in them."

"Slugger," exclaimed Jock, "I believe you've got something there! At least it's worth looking into! Why don't we tell the police?"

"Uh—well," stuttered Slugger. "I wouldn't tell *anybody* about it until we found some sort of clue. You just don't go around sending the police on a wild goose chase! Why don't we see for ourselves, first?"

"I'm all for it," said Curly.

"So am I," said Jock.

"And what about you, Scarecrow?" asked Curly.

"Oh, well," sniffed Scarecrow—obviously upset because the theory wasn't his own. "Okay. I don't think we'll find young Drummond there. But I'll go along—just for laughs."

"Then we'll go to the fisherman's house and borrow a canoe," said Jock. "Since we've been digging bait for him, he's been treating us pretty good. Come on—I'm sure he'll let us have a boat for the afternoon."

The trip to the fisherman's house proved to be a successful one, and in another twenty minutes the four Wise Guys were on their way downstream, their paddles cutting foamy ripples in the smooth water.

"Let's paddle even faster," said Jock. "Time's running out! No telling what young Egbert is doing by now—or what has happened to him."

And thus they paddled more furiously, until, eventually, they could see the gaping mouth of the big caverns around the bend.

They steered the canoe to the shore, got out, dragged it up on the shore and secured it—then they turned and faced the entrance to the caverns. It loomed wide and dark and ominous.

"Uh—maybe I was wrong, after all," said Slugger.

"If you're thinking of backing out now," said Jock, "forget it. We're going in."

"Not many people have explored these caverns," said Scarecrow. "In fact, the townsfolk advise staying out of them."

"Sure," said Curly. "But this is different. We've got to at least find out if young Drummond is in there."

Slugger, who had been looking around, suddenly cried out: "Look!" And he pointed to an object that was caught in some brush at the stream's edge.

"A raft," exclaimed Jock. "Somebody has come here!"

"Young Drummond," said Curly. "I'll bet anything it's him. Slugger, your theory was right! Come on!"

With that they approached the cavern's entrance, and then they walked in. The daylight faded behind them, and darkness closed in. It was cool, and they could hear the monotonous dripping of water, as it collected on the cavern's roof, then fell—and hit the floor with a *splat* sound.

"Let's call out first," said Slugger.

And he cupped his hands to his mouth, and shouted: "Egbert! Egbert Drummond! Where are you? We're your friends!"

The echo of Slugger's voice carried through the maze of tunnels, bouncing from wall to wall, then all was silent, and somewhat ominous.

The Wise Guys looked at each other, at first they said nothing. Then Jock nudged them, and said: "All right. Let's go. We'll start exploring those tunnels. Egbert could be lying unconscious somewhere. Come on."

"Let's stick together," said Curly. "This would be a bad place to get separated—and lost. Br-r-r-r! The very thought sends chills up my spine."

Then the four of them, walking side by side, started forward through one of the tunnels. Occasionally, as they advanced, one of them would shout Egbert's name, but the only answer was an echo that rang through the corridors. And all the time the water dripped, making its queer *splating* sound.

They turned several sharp bends, explored other corridors, and finally, in the pitch-blackness, decided to turn back, start out in another direction, and to shout Egbert's name every few moments.

"Which tunnel did we take to get *here*?" asked Scarecrow.

"I believe it was *that* one," said Jock.

"No—you're wrong," said Curly. "It was the one over on the left."

"If my sense of direction means anything," said Slugger, "it's the tunnel directly behind us."

And in a moment, the four Wise Guys were arguing amongst themselves as to which knew the way to the cavern's entrance. Finally, after nearly half an hour of groping aimlessly about, and getting nowhere—except, possibly, deeper and deeper into the cavern—Slugger stopped, and said: "Let's face it. We're *lost*! We go looking for Egbert—and *we* wind up getting lost!"

Then, fully aware of the fact that they were lost, the Wise Guys slowly sensed a feeling of uneasiness creeping over them.

"What'll we do?" said Jock. "These tunnels extend for miles! We might not *ever* reach the outside again!"

"And nobody would ever think of coming to look for us," said Curly. "Only *Slugger* would get ideas of coming *here* to look for somebody."

"That's right," said Scarecrow. "Slugger got us into this jam!"

Slugger started to answer, but Jock shook his arm and exclaimed:

"Look! Look there, around the bend—isn't that a faint glow of light?"

The Wise Guys stared, hardly believing their eyes—but there it was, a light! And the light seemed to be getting closer.

"Wonder who it is?" whispered Slugger.

"Yeah," said Curly. "Who would live in here—deep inside the caverns. Br-r-r-r! I'm getting those chills up my spine again!"

"Shhh," whispered Jock. "Let's get back against the wall and wait—until we find out who is carrying that light!"

Abruptly, the almost-blinding beam of a flashlight was seen, shining directly on them.

A voice said: "Are you the guys I heard calling? I was quite a way off, and I guess you didn't hear me reply."

"Egbert!" shouted Jock. "Egbert Drummond! We've found you!"

"Found me?" said Egbert, with surprise ringing in his voice. "I haven't been lost!"

"What?" said Scarecrow. "Of course you're lost! The whole town's looking for you! What do you mean by coming into these caverns? And why didn't you go home last night?"

Egbert lowered his head. They could see by the light of the flash that he felt embarrassed, ashamed.

"I guess I *was* wrong in doing that," said Egbert. "I really didn't mean any harm. I wandered too far into the caverns and decided to stay when it got late. I'm very sorry."

"Well, at least we've found you," said Jock. "Only now—" and he looked at the surrounding walls and the maze of tunnel entrances—"only now," Jock repeated, "we're *all* lost."

"Oh, no," said Egbert. "I have been walking these cavern tunnels for a long time now. I know my way around pretty well. Besides, I carry a roll of twine, just in case. The roll unwinds as I walk—and all I do is follow it back again—to the place where I started. See?"

Egbert held up the twine, and the Wise Guys could see that it trailed off behind him, into one of the dark tunnels.

"Then let's get looking to the outside," exclaimed Scarecrow. "We've had enough of this place."

With that, the Wise Guys followed Egbert, who led them to the outside again, without once faltering along the way.

It was later, back in town, that the Wise Guys stood before Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, who embraced Egbert.

"Oh, thanks—thanks," exclaimed Mrs. Drummond, "for bringing my boy home to us! I'll never forget you for rescuing him."

"Uh—" said Slugger. "That's all right, Mrs. Drummond. But—well, we didn't rescue Egbert, if you want to know the truth! *He* rescued *us*!"

LADIES! STOP DARNING SOX



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Please send me 5 pairs Guaranteed Ribbed Nylon Socks for examination. I will pay the postman only \$2.98 plus postal charges on delivery, with the understanding that you will refund my money in full if I return the socks in 5 days. If I keep them, you guarantee to replace FREE any pairs in which I wear holes within ONE YEAR.

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Size _____ Color: Assorted, Black, White.
 Ankle (Ribbed) Regular (Not Ribbed)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

JOY HOSIERY CO., Dept. S-380, Clifton, New Jersey

IRON JAW

IN "THAT'S YOUR HARD LUCK"

Story by
CHARLES BIRG

YOU'VE BEEN LUCKY SO FAR, BUT WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU ...

DAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO TELL YOU, IRON JAW! THE DOZEN EGYPSHUN STATCHOO AN' I BEEN HAVIN' GOOD LUCK EVER SINCE! I WANT TO SHARE IT WIT'CHA OL' PAL!

IRON JAW, THE AGGRESSIVE, ARROGANT NEMESIS OF LAW AND ORDER, HAS FOUND AN UNUSUAL OPPONENT IN SNIFFER, WHO BELIEVES THAT A GOOD OFFENSE IS BETTER THAN THE BEST DEFENSE! IRON JAW LIKES AN OPEN FIGHT, AND SNIFFER THROWS INSIDE RIGHTS THAT HAVE THE SHOVEL-MOUTHED I.J. GROGGY! NO'HOLDS ARE BARRED IN THIS ADVENTURE, INCLUDING HOLDING ON TO YOUR SEAT!

Charles Birg

TELLYGRAM FER MR. SNIFFER!

"it's green"

WHAT HOPPENED?

Crash!
OVERGARD

ACCORDIN' TO MY LATEST FIGURES, OUR TOTAL FUNDS ARE...AH...TWO DOLLARS AND FOURTEEN CENTS!

WHAT A CATASTROSTROKE! DOSE TWO STUPES, SKULLY AN' CRUSHER, BETTER GET SOME GOOD LOOT FROM DAT MUSEUM JOB, OR WE DON'T EAT!

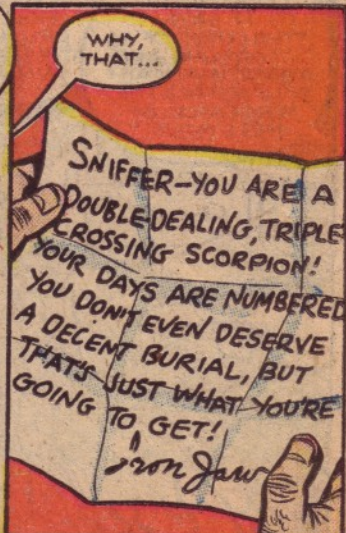
WHAT A BUNCH OF LAMEBRAINED CROOKS I... OWW...

IT'S A ROCK! THERE'S A NOTE ATTACHED TO IT!

WHY, THAT...

SNIFFER—YOU ARE A DOUBLE DEALING, TRIPLE CROSSING SCORPION! YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED YOU DON'T EVEN DESERVE A DECENT BURIAL, BUT THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO GET!

Iron Jaw





HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF KICKIN' ME?
SO IRON JAW KNOWS WHERE WE ARE! YOU DIMWIT! I THOUGHT YOU SAID DIS WAS A GOOD HIDEOUT!

LET US IN!
OPEN UP, QUICK!



WHO'S CHASING YOU? COPS?
NO! IRON JAW!
YIHHH! LOCK THE DOOR!



HMM...LEAME SEE! YOU GOT QUITE A LOT OF...
HEY! YOU NUMBSKULLS-- DIS STUFF AIN'T GOLD--IT'S BRASS!
IT IS? GOSH! IT LOOKED LIKE GOLD!



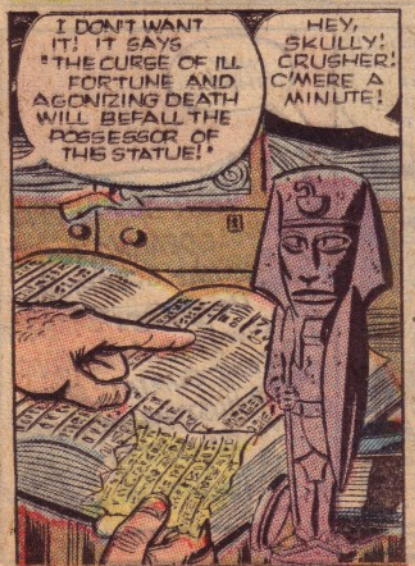
AN' WHADDA YA THINK WE'RE GONNA DO WIT DIS CRUMMY LITTLE STATCHOO-- PUT IT ON THE MANTLE FER A SOOVENER?
LET ME SEE IT! IT LOOKS INTERESTING!



SURE, TAKE IT AN' EXCHANGE IT FER A COUPLA DUMBELLS TO KEEP YOU COMPANY!
BY GEORGE! EGYPTIAN! VERY INTERESTING! HMM...THE BOTTOM COMES OPEN...AHH...



EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS IN THE BASE! EGAD! I BELIEVE I HAVE JUST THE BOOK... YES, HERE WE ARE!
HEY, THAT STATCHOO IS MINE!



I DON'T WANT IT! IT SAYS 'THE CURSE OF ILL FORTUNE AND AGONIZING DEATH WILL BEFALL THE POSSESSOR OF THIS STATUE!'
HEY, SKULLY! CRUSHER! C'MERE A MINUTE!

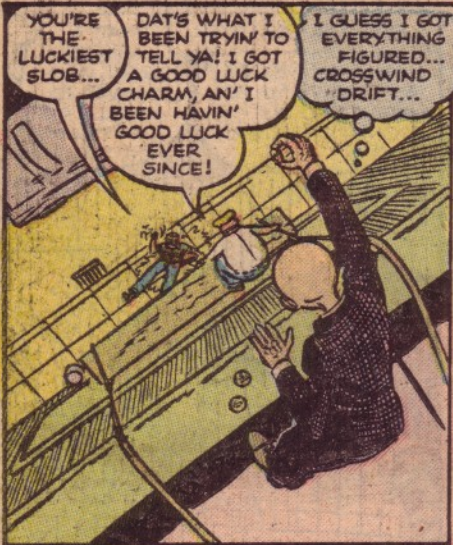


YOU ASKED FOR IT, SNIFFER! NOW YOU GOT A CURSE ON YOURSELF!
COME CLOSER, BOYS! I WANTA CONGRATULATE YOU FOR DOIN' SUCH A FINE JOB.



DON'T LET MY KIND WOIDS GO TO YER HEADS, BOYS! YOU DESOIVE EVERY BIT OF IT!
HEY! YEOWW!
OWWICH!





YOU'RE THE LUCKIEST SLOB...

DAT'S WHAT I BEEN TRYIN' TO TELL YA! I GOT A GOOD LUCK CHARM, AN' I BEEN HAVIN' GOOD LUCK EVER SINCE!

I GUESS I GOT EVERYTHING FIGURED... CROSSWIND 'DRIFT...



OWW!

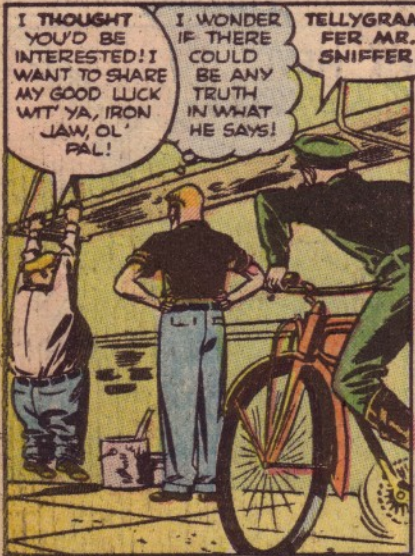
SKULLY'S AIM, DIDN'T HAFTA BE THAT GOOD!

PLINK!



IT'S GOLD! YA SEE, IRON JAW! DIS IS TYPICAL OF DA KINDA LUCK I BEEN HAVIN' SINCE I GOT THE EGYPSHUN GOOD LUCK STATCHOO!

I THINK YOU'RE LYING! YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOW ME BEFORE I'LL BELIEVE IT!



I THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED! I WANT TO SHARE MY GOOD LUCK WIT' YA, IRON JAW, OL' PAL!

I WONDER IF THERE COULD BE ANY TRUTH IN WHAT HE SAYS!

TELLYGRAM FER MR. SNIFFER!

HEY! I JUST INHERITED TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! HERE, BOY!

WHAT? LET ME SEE THAT!



FANTASTIC!

I DON'T BELIEVE IN THIS SUPERSTITIOUS NON-SENSE OF COURSE, BUT I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOUR STATUE FOR MY ART COLLECTION!

HEY, MISTER! YOU WIT' THE RED HAIR! YOU DROPPED DIS WALLET!



WOW! TREE HUNNERT BUCKS! AN' I NEVER SAW DIS WALLET BEFORE!

THIS IS ABSOLUTELY INCREDIBLE! IF I HAD THAT CHARM, I COULD BE RICH BEYOND ALL MY DREAMS!

LET'S GO, SNIFFER! I'M GETTING CURIOUS ABOUT YOUR SILLY LITTLE STATUE!



IT SAYS DAT THE BLESSIN' OF GOOD FORTUNE AND GREAT RICHES WILL COME TA THE POSSESSOR OF DIS STATCHOO! AIN'T THAT RIGHT, SATAN?

HUH? OH, YEAH SURE!

LET ME SEE SNIFFER! I LEARNED TO READ EGYPTIAN WHILE I WAS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN!



HMM...YOU DIDN'T READ IT ALL, SNIFFER! IT SAYS THE GOOD LUCK WILL TURN TO BAD IF YOU DON'T GIVE IT AWAY WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS!

HA! DA BIG APE THINKS HE'S OUTSMARTIN' ME!

OH, YEAH? DOES IT REALLY SAY DAT?

SURE. YOU'RE MY BUDDY, SNIFFER! I CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE WORRIED, SO I'LL TAKE THIS OFF YOUR HANDS... AND GIVE YOU \$10,000 IN THE BARGAIN!

WELL, I GOT OVER A DAY LEFT BEFORE MY GOOD LUCK RUNS OUT, BUT I NEED SOME FAST DOUGH TO GET OUT TO CALIFORNIA AND GET MY INHERITANCE! OKAY, IT'S YOURS!

HA! STUPID FOOL!

I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I GET THE MONEY FROM THE...UH...BANK!

HEY, LUCKY! I NEED TEN THOUSAND BUCKS WORTH OF YOUR COUNTERFEIT RIGHT AWAY!

OKAY, IRON JAW! WOULD YOU LIKE IT IN THE GRADE 'A' OR THE GRADE 'B' EDITION?

THAT CHEAP STUFF WILL BE OKAY!

LEWME WARN YOU! ONLY A BLIND MORDN WOULD THINK THIS DOUGH WAS GENUINE!

I KNOW YA DON'T BELIEVE IN THE MAGICAL POWERS OF THIS STATCHOO, BUT JUST IN CASE - YA RUB IT THREE TIMES WITH THE RIGHT ARM, AND FOUR TIMES WIT THE LEFT! THEN SAY: FRANGI PANGI AND THE PHARAOM'S HAND! GIMME ALL THE GOOD LUCK I CAN STAND!

OH, YOU HAPPY CABBAGE! \$100, \$200, \$300 \$400...

I'LL HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, SNIFFER!

OH, BOY! WHAT A LAUGH ON IRON JAW!

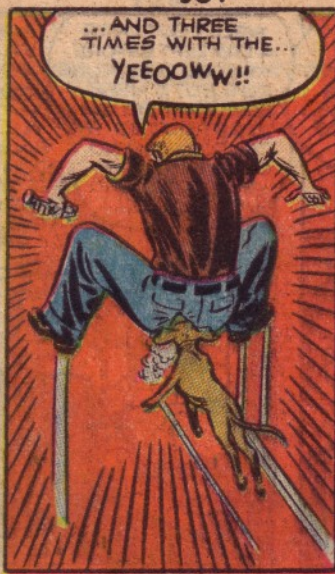
LET'S GO, BOYS! WE'RE GOING OUT AND TREAT OURSELVES TO A BIG FEED IN A FANCY JOINT!

A REALLY INTELLIGENT MAN DOESN'T NEED TO USE HIS FISTS! HE CAN JUST OUTSMART HIS ENEMES! HA! HA!

LEWME SEE! FRANGI PANGI AND THE PHARAOM'S HAND, GIMME ALL THE GOOD LUCK.

... I CAN STAND... YIKES!

OHH! I'M SORRY!







MEANWHILE...

DROP THAT MEAT, YA KNOB-HEAD! DON'T YA KNOW YER SUPPOSED TO HOLD IT WIT A FORK WHILE YER CHEWIN'?

HE NEVER READ HOMILY PROST!



YOUR CHECK, SIR!

SIXTY BUCKS? HMM, DAT AIN'T BAD! HERE YA ARE, SON! BRING ME THE CHANGE!



HERE'S A CHECK FROM THAT LARGE PARTY OF... AH... UNCOUTH CHARACTERS AT THE... HEY, THIS BILL IS A PHONY!!

DON'T LET THEM LEAVE! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!



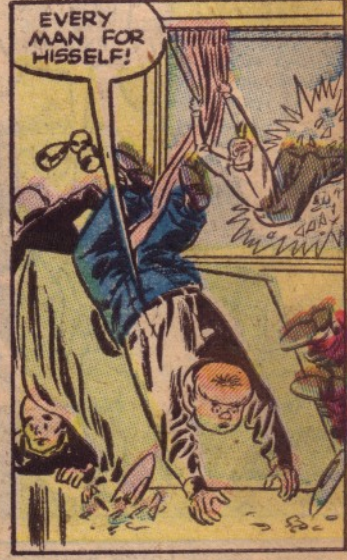
HAH! CHALK UP ANOTHER FIVE POINTS!

I NEVER SEEN SUCH A LUCKY...

WHAT'S TAKIN' THAT WAITER SO LONG? I GET BETTER SOIVCE AT SAMMYS HASH HOUSE!



GOPPS!



EVERY MAN FOR HISSELF!



HELLO, BOYS! GOING SOMEWHERE?

YIPES! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!



END OF THE LINE, SNIFFER!

I ER... THINK YOU GOT THE WRONG GUYS, OFFICER! WE WUZ JUST CHASIN' A COUPLE OF ROBBERS AND ... AH, WHAT'S DA USE!

A SHORT TIME LATER, AS THE PATROL WAGON PASSES THE DOZEN'S HIDEOUT...



THEY'LL HAVE TO COME BACK SOONER OR...ULP! COPS!!

HEY! OSSIFER! LOOKIT—IRON JAW!



HEY, IRON JAW! HOW'S YER LUCK?

YA INHERITED ANY DOUGH YET? HAW! HAW!

IT'S IRON JAW, MEN! GET HIM!

SCREEE!!



BOY, DON'T TELL ME ABOUT YOUR MARBLES! THIS AGGIE BEATS 'EM ALL!

AH, YE'RE TALKIN' THROUGH YER HAT! I GOT MY "LUCKY" ONE HERE, AND... OH, OH!



HEY!! WHAT TH...

WATCH IT, BUD! YOU'RE... YEOW!! IRON JAW!

THIS IS THE BEST LUCK! IRON JAW AND SNIFFER IN ONE HAUL!



WELL, WELL, WELL! MY OLD BUDDIES, SNIFFER AND HIS PALS! WHAT A NICE SURPRISE!

HEY! DON'T PUT HIM IN HERE!

LEMME OUTTA HERE!

GANGWAY! SO LONG, BOYS!



POW! SOCK! HEY, LEGGO MY ARM, IRON JAW! YEOW!! CRASH!

The End

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SMOOTH KEEN

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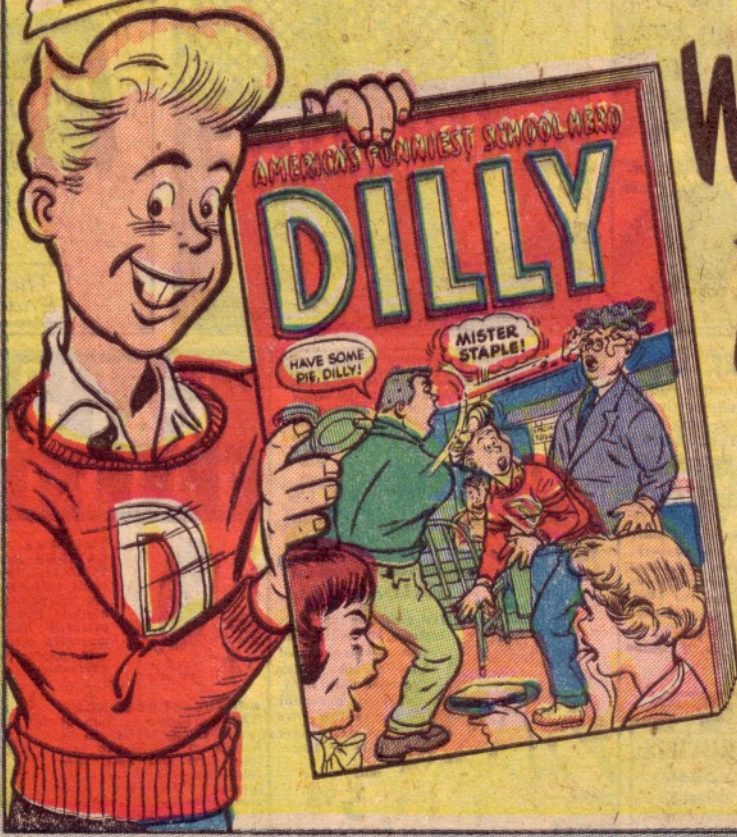
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You've probably read, and heard, often enough that you have to keep your skin *clean*. That's true enough. You have to keep the dirt that disfigures your skin *out* of the pores. But you also have to keep the *natural*, nourishing oils *in*.

It isn't enough just to wash and scrub. That helps. But you need more than soap and water for a glamour girl complexion. Perhaps you've already tried soap and water—with discouraging results. Or perhaps you've used a detergent cream. Well, detergents are helpful, but the same thing that makes a floor shine or dishes sparkle won't always bring a glow to your complexion.

What your skin needs is some *help* in performing its *natural* functions. If your skin is healthy, all by itself it tends to keep pores unclogged and to nourish itself on natural oils.

If it has stopped doing that, you have trouble—and you have to find a way to bring *back* to your skin its natural beauty, its natural glow and loveliness.

Now there is an easy way to do it. There is a cream, a special, extra-rich skin cream that you can massage gently into your skin. As you do, it will deep-cleanse your skin—cleaner than you've ever seen it before. When you wipe off the excess cream you will see for yourself how amazingly it cleans. But this cream does something else. As you apply it, it penetrates the skin—replaces the natural oils that your skin *needs* for glowing beauty.

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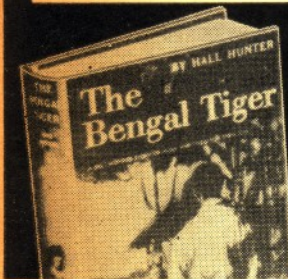


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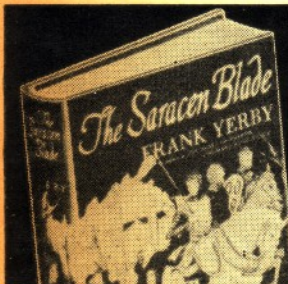


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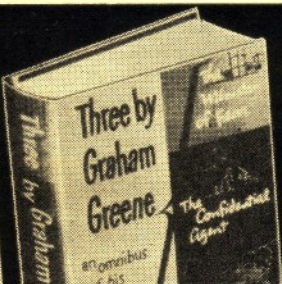
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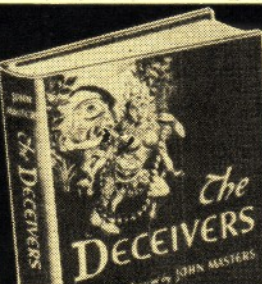
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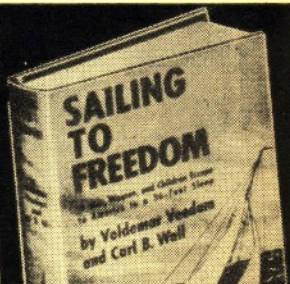
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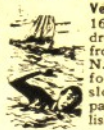
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